The Pennsylvania Railroad Company
Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington Railroad Company
Northern Central Railway Company
West Jersey & Seashore Railroad Company
General Office, Broad Street Station
Philadelphia

Ivy L. Lee

At 85 Cedar St., New York, January 4th, 1909.

My dear Nelson:

I want to congratulate you personally on the beautiful job your house did on my "Uncle Remus" book. It was very pleasant indeed to have a job of this kind go through so smoothly and satisfactorily.

I take pleasure in sending herewith two copies of the book: one of them for yourself personally -- which I hope you will accept with my compliments -- and the other one for Prof. Brander Matthews. I hope that Prof. Matthews will add this to his library and also that he will find it possible to read it.

A great many interesting letters concerning the book have been received by me, and some day I will let you see them. I believe you will be gratified to know what these letters state about the workmanship.

Wishing you all prosperity through the coming year, I am

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Ivy L. Lee

Mr. Nelson Macy,
441 Pearl St.,
New York City.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

To Nelson Macy,
Whose Love made this book so
beautiful, in appreciation and
With fraternal regard,
Ivy L. Lee

Jan. 2, 1908.

MEMORIES

OF

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THIS IS NUMBER 252 OF THE THREE HUNDRED COPIES OF THIS BOOK WHICH HAVE BEEN PRINTED — ALL FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

J. L. L.

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"I am merely a simple-minded old fellow who is very anxious for a few chosen friends to like him. Many children and a great many dogs are fond of me, and that is a good test."—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, *in a letter to a friend.*

"UNCLE REMUS"

Joel Chandler Harris as Seen and Remembered by a Few of His Friends

Including a Memorial Sermon by the
Rev. James W. Lee, D.D.,
and a Poem by
Frank L. Stanton

Privately Printed
Christmas, 1908

Copyright, 1908,
By Ivy L. Lee

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UNCLE REMUS' IDEA OF CHRISTMAS

Ho, my Riley! In de happy Christmas
Time
De niggers shake der cloze a-huntin' for
a dime;
Hi, my rinktum! an' ben dey shake der
feet
An' grease deysif wid de' good ham
meat
Ho, my Riley! dey eat an' dey cram,
An' bimeby ol' Miss'll be a-sandin'
out de dram!

Joel Chandler Harris.

Christmas: 1899

Fac-simile of Inscription by Joel Chandler Harris in a copy of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," presented to Horace R. B. Allen, of New York, Christmas, 1899.

FOREWORD

THE purpose of this volume is to introduce a few friends to the great fund of geniality and good cheer which was wrapped up in the personality of Joel Chandler Harris. He was one of those rare beings in whom the most perfect humor was personified and from whom it was continually exhaled, and his life and writings have added delights innumerable to both childhood and manhood. This little book also embodies the hope and belief that many coming generations will find in "Uncle Remus" that same inexhaustible storehouse of quaint philosophy and homely humor which this delightful character has been to so large a company for now more than thirty years.

These lines are written with the memory of having heard the Uncle Remus stories read in earliest childhood, and of having enjoyed the acquaintance of Joel Chandler Harris personally. He was always most natural to those who knew least of his genius. So all the children with whom he came in contact seemed to find in him a kindred spirit. Strangers who went to see him found him difficult to know, but with children he was always at perfect ease.

There is no pretense of literary finish in these pages. The idea has been merely to record the essential facts of Joel Chandler Harris' life and to relate a few personal memories of him, largely in the language of his own friends. I have also been privileged to reproduce a considerable number of hitherto unpublished photographs

of Harris—most interesting human documents. In this effort I have had the very friendly co-operation of the Harris family, and I am especially indebted to Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris for the loan of some very rare pictures. The management of the *Uncle Remus Magazine* have been particularly obliging, and to their courtesy is to be credited the opportunity to reprint the poem by Grantland Rice. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., publishers of the Uncle Remus books, have kindly allowed the use of the "Brer Rabbit" cut on the cover.

The Memorial Sermon, which is included in this volume, was delivered on the evening of Mr. Harris' burial by a close personal friend. Dr. Lee was one of that coterie of genial men—Joel Chandler Harris, Henry W. Grady, Frank L. Stanton, Clark Howell, Evan P. Howell, Wallace P. Reed, Sam. W. Small, and James W. Lee—to whom for many years the editorial rooms of the Atlanta *Constitution* were the scene of such infinite good fellowship.

To Mr. Frank L. Stanton I am indebted for the privilege of re-publishing the beautiful elegy in memory of his friend, which will be found at the close of this book. I hope sincerely that the lines herein printed will in some measure serve to develop added interest in the life and work of Joel Chandler Harris—one of the few Southern authors who can be called truly great. Besides being great, he was one of the most lovable of men, and if these pages make this human side of the man better known, they will have been well worth the effort.

IVY L. LEE.

New York, December 1, 1908.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE MAN

NOT many men have lived such a life as did Joel Chandler Harris: He was born in 1849, in the quiet town of Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia. It was a simple, old-fashioned slave-holding community, surrounded by little or nothing of romance. His father was a farmer, and he died while the child was still an infant. The mother was very poor, and the boy was probably the least noticed youngster of the neighborhood.

Some of Joel Chandler Harris' childhood playmates still live in the old town of Eatonton. One of them, Charles A. Leonard, knew the boy as a very young child, and I have asked Mr. Leonard to relate what he remembers of that early period.

"He was such a clever little boy," writes Mr. Leonard, "that my parents would allow me to go around with him, I being a stranger in the town. Our playground was divided between the 'Big Gully,' and Mr. McDade's livery stable. In the stable were fine horses, and 'The Gully,' with its tributaries, was a good place to play hide-and-seek in. At the stable we oftentimes had the privilege of riding the horses to the shop to have them shod, and when the drovers came, as a special treat we were allowed to exercise the horses.

"Between the stable and the 'Big Gully' lived an old free negro named Aunt 'Betsy Cuthbert', whose abilities

in making potato biscuit, ginger cakes, and chicken pies could hardly be equalled. There we often remained while she dispensed the good things she made.

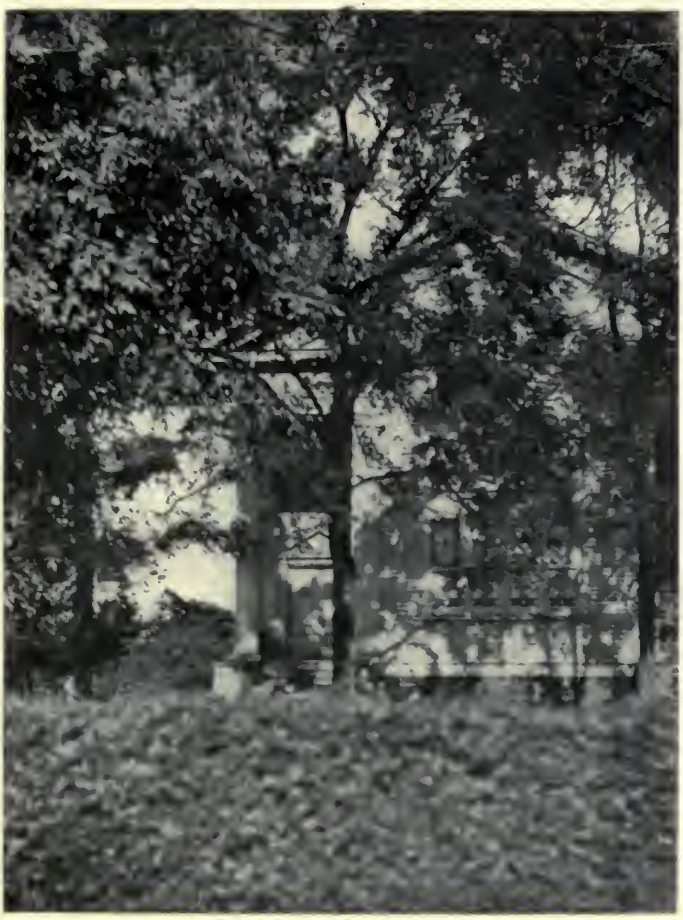
"We entered the school taught by Miss Kate Davidson, where there was little play, except recess. It seemed then they taught from sun up to sun down, with the exception of a recess for dinner. After a year or two, we entered the male academy. It was not long before we made a good friend of one of the larger boys whom I will call, as we did, Hut Adams, and when out of school we were boon companions, playing marbles, jumping holes, and enjoying similar amusements. The things that Hut did we thought were right, even to foraging on Mr. Edmund Reid's watermelon patch, as well as Col. Nicholson's and Aunt Becky Pike's plum and peach orchards—just enough for *us* to eat.

"We organized what was known as the 'Gully Minstrels.' Our hall was the 'Big Gully.' Hut was manager, I was treasurer, and Joe the clown, with a fiddle he couldn't play. But he would make a noise that would bring down the house. The price of admission was ten pins, and it was not long before the treasurer was stuck on pins, and no exchange.

"Hut, at about that time became the happy possessor of a shot gun in which Joe and I were as happy as he. Nearly every Saturday we would be off for the fields or woods, Joe's and my part being to carry the game and get a chance to shoot just once when the hunt was over. Besides his love for hunting nothing gave Joe more delight than to play pranks on us and many were

Canning Factory in Eatonton, Ga., which stands on the site of the house in which Joel Chandler Harris was born.

View of the grounds surrounding the simple home in Eatonton, Ga., where Joel Chandler Harris was born.



Methodist Church in Eatonton, Ga., where Joel Chandler Harris attended Sunday School when a child.

they, he always getting the best of it, and enjoying it to the full extent."

It will thus be seen that Joe Harris was a natural boyish boy. But life was a very serious matter those war-time days, and the years that could be devoted to school were but few. The next step in Harris' life is told in his own words in an interview he gave to the Atlanta, Georgia, *News*, a few years before he died, as follows:

"There came a time when I had to be up and doing, as the poet says, and it so happened that I was in the post office at Eatonton reading the Milledgeville papers when the first number of *The Countryman* was deposited on the counter where all the newspapers were kept. I read it through and came upon an advertisement which announced that the Editor wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade. This was my opportunity, and I seized it with both hands. I wrote to the Editor, whom I knew well, and the next time he came to town he sought me out, asked if I had written the letter with my own hand, and in three words the bargain was concluded."

The first number of that curious publication, *The Countryman*, appeared on March 4th, 1862. The advertisement, inserted along with others seeking to sell "Hats" and merchandise generally, was as follows:

WANTED

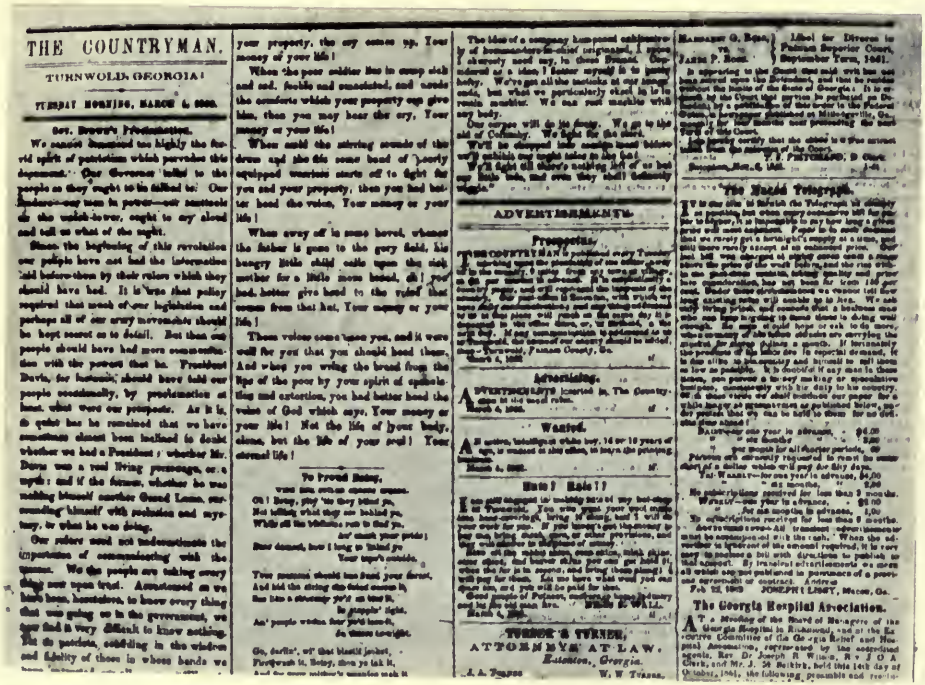
An active, intelligent white boy, 14 or 15 years of age, is wanted at this office, to learn the printing business. March 4th, 1862.

This advertisement appeared again in the issue of *The Countryman* for March 11th, but was omitted from

the issue for March 18th. Joel Chandler Harris, then, had found his "opportunity," about this date. Whether or not the "hats" were sold, a genius had been discovered by this backwoods publication.

"*The Countryman*," said Harris in later years, "had no predecessor and no other paper has succeeded it. It stands solitary and alone among newspapers. It was published nine miles from any post office, on the plantation of Mr. Joseph A. Turner. On the roof of the printing office the squirrels scampered about, and the blue jays brought their acorns there to crack them. I used to sit in the dusk and see the shadows of all the great problems of life flitting about, restless and uneasy, and I had time to think about them. What some people call loneliness was to me a great blessing, and the printer's trade, so far as I learned it, was in the nature of a liberal education; and, as if that wasn't enough, Mr. Turner had a large private library, containing all of the best books. It was especially rich in the various departments of English literature, and it would have been the most wonderful thing in the world if, with nothing to do but set a column or so of type each day, I had failed to take advantage of the library with its remarkable assortment of good books.

"Mr. Turner was a man of varied accomplishments. He was a lawyer, a scholar and a planter. He had a large plantation and he managed it successfully; he had a considerable law practice; and he was one of the most public spirited men in middle Georgia. He was a man of strong individuality; he had pronounced views on all the questions of the day. I once heard him preach a



THE COUNTRYMAN.

TURNWOLD, GEORGIA!

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1862.

Gov. Brown's Proclamation.

We cannot commend too highly the forward spirit of patriotism which pervades this document. Our Governor talked to the people as they ought to be talked to. Our Legislature may learn in private—our lawmakers do the talking over, ought to say aloud and tell us what of the night.

Since the beginning of this revolution our people have not had the information and information they should have had. It is true that policy required that much of our legislation and perhaps all of our army movements should be kept secret as to detail. But then our people should have had more communication with the powers that be. President Davis, for instance, should have told our people occasionally, by proclamation at least, what were our prospects. As it is, a quiet has he remained that we have sometimes almost been inclined to doubt whether we had a President; whether Mr. Davis was a real living personage, or a myth: and if the former, whether he was nothing himself another Grand Lama, surrounding himself with seclusion and mystery, to what he was doing.

Our rulers need not underestimate the importance of communicating with the masses. We the people are taking every thing now upon trust. Accustomed as we have been, heretofore, to know every thing that was going on in the government, we now find a very difficult to know nothing. We do patriots, cobbling in the window and idolity of those in whose hands we

your property, the cry comes up. Your money or your life!

When the poor soldier lies in camp sick and sad, feeble and emaciated, and needs the comforts which your property can give him, then you may hear the cry, Your money or your life!

When amid the stirring sounds of the drum and the fife come band of poorly equipped wearies starts off to fight for you and your property, then you had better heed the voice, Your money or your life!

When every of is some breed, whence the father is gone to the gory field, his hungry little child calls upon the sick mother for a little more bread, oh! you had better give heed to the relief that comes from that hut, Your money or your life!

These voices come upon you, and it were well for you that you should heed them. And when you wring the brand from the lips of the poor by your spirit of speculating and extortion, you had better heed the voice of God which says, Your money or your life! Not the life of your body, alone, but the life of your soul! Your eternal life!

To Freed Bobby.

Come hide, come hide, come hide, come.
Oh! Bobby, play 'no they killed ye,
Not talking what they are behind ye,
While all the Yankees run to find ye.
An' count your pride!
Now dearest, how I long to behold ye
Your tiger's antelide.
Your mammie should run front your door,
And bid the string the fatted corner in,
Run into a doorway you're on time it,
In gruggin' light.
An' people wonder how you'd lunch,
As dinner tonight.
Go, darlin', oil that bluish jacket,
Pawpaw is in, Bobby, then ye let it,
And the poor mother's wonder such it

The idea of a company has passed exhibitors of homemakers in other originated, I sincerely need say, to these friends. Considered as a whole I better myself is in pretty healthy. We've got all the materials at our hands, but what we particularly stand in is in ready machine. We can read machine what any body.

Our corpse will do its duty. We go to the aid of Confederacy. We fight for the right.

We'll be slumped back sometimes round bidden only exhibits any knight taken in the last.

We'll fight till victory's nothing left of us but our little bits, and even they shall be distantly singin."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prospectus.

THE COUNTRYMAN is published every Tuesday morning upon the principle of no one paying for it in the county, paying from one to a dollar, as the case may be. It is printed on a fair quality of paper, and will contain the news of the day, as far as it can be obtained, and such other matter as may be deemed necessary. The terms of subscription are as follows: One year in advance, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents. Single copies will be sold at the office for 5 cents each. Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates. Subscriptions may be sent in by mail, or left at the office. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, and the money for country should be addressed to the Publisher.

Turnwold, Putnam County, Ga.

March 4, 1862.

Advertising.

A PUTNAM LADY desires to hear of a good situation in the country where she could board cheap. Address A. L. P., Eatonton, Ga.

March 4, 1862.

Wanted.

A BOY, between the ages of 14 and 16 years of age, is wanted at this office, to learn the printing business.

March 4, 1862.

Hats! Hats!!

I am still engaged in making hats of any description in Turnwold. You can have your wool made into hats cheaper by bring it along, than I will do your work for you. If you haven't got the money to pay when bring them, bring me other provisions, and they will answer to the price of money.

Hats of the newest styles, some fashion, which please some others, and better styles than ever can be had if you will call and see them. Call and bring them along! I will pay for them. Let me have what wool you can spare me, and you will be paid for that.

Good people of Putnam, encourage home industry and help the old man live.

BRIAN E. WALL.

March 4, 1862.

TURNER & TURNER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Eatonton, Georgia.

J. A. TURNER. W. W. TURNER.

Manager G. Bass, } Libel for Divorce in
vs. } Putnam Superior Court,
Jane P. Bass. } September Term, 1861.

It appearing to the Court that said wife has not been served upon the defendant, and that he resides without the limits of the State of Georgia: It is ordered by the Court that service be perfected on Defendant by a publication of this order in the Federal Union, a newspaper published at Milledgeville, Ga., once a month for four months and perfected the said Term of the Court.

I. T. PRITCHARD, D. Clerk.

September, Nov. 6, 1861.

The Rebel Telegraph.

IT is our aim to furnish the Telegraph at cheapness as possible, and when many contributors will for pay for to labour, it is impossible to pay how long a given time we can continue. Paper is so much advanced that we scarcely get a fortnight's supply at a time, and until more rarely accept at an enhanced price. Our last bill was charged at eighty cents cash a ream above the price of the week before, and the rise still in the ascendency. Labour is also high and prices considerable, but not keep for less 100 per cent. Under these circumstances we cannot tell how long we shall be able to keep up here. We ask only living prices, and assume that a business man who can keep nothing in some shape is doing well who can keep his head above water. We hope and ask to be sure, when a majority of the fellow citizens are carrying the country for paying, publish a speech. If fortunately the prospects of the office are in especial demand, it is due alike to its necessity and himself to sell them as low as possible. It is thankful if any man in these times, can prevent a to say nothing of speculative business, consequently with his duty to his country. We do these words we shall continue our paper for a while longer at quotations as published below, and we publish that by we can be told to them for no dollar, after time stated:

Daily—one year in advance, - $6.00
" " six months, - 3.00
" " one month, - 1.00
" " per month for all shorter periods, 25

Persons are earnestly requested to remit in some shape of a dollar which will pay for fifty days.

Tri-Weekly—for one year in advance, $4.00
" " six months, 2.00

No subscriptions received for less than 3 months.

Weekly—one year in advance, - $2.00
" " for six months in advance, 1.00

No subscriptions received for less than 6 months.

Advertisements—All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash. When the advertiser is ignorant of the amount required, it is very easy to enclose a bill with directions to publish to that amount. By transient advertisements we mean all which are not published in pursuance of a special and agreement or contract. Address

Feb 12, 1862 JOSEPH LESLEY, Macon, Ga.

The Georgia Hospital Association.

AT a Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Georgia Hospital in Richmond, and of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association, represented by the undersigned agents, Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, Rev. J. O. A. Clark, and Mr. J. M. Baldwin, held this 14th day of October, 1861, the following preamble and reso-

Fac-simile of page of "The Countryman" containing the advertisement which resulted in Joel Chandler Harris' learning the printer's trade.

Printing Office at Turnwold, Ga., where "The Countryman" was published.

THE COUNTRYMAN.

BY J. A. TURNER EATONTON, PUTNAM COUNTY, GA. TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1879 VOL. 1 NO. 1

THE COUNTRYMAN

Fac-simile of title page of the first number of "The Countryman" for which Joel Chandler Harris helped set the type.

Outlook from the windows of the old Turnwold printing office. Scene of Joel Chandler Harris' early life.

Another view of the Turner Plantation from windows of the printing office of "The Countryman," showing how nearby were the "woods."

sermon, and it was a good one, too. He was a good writer and he had a fine taste in literature; best of all, so far as I was concerned, he took an abiding interest in my welfare, gave me good advice, directed my reading and gave me the benefit of his wisdom and experience at every turn and on all occasions. For the rest, I got along as any boy would. I was fond of setting type, and when my task was over I'd hunt or fish or read. And then at night I used to go to the negro cabins and hear their songs and stories. It was a great time for me."

Joel Chandler Harris' "opportunity" then was to set type in a country printing office, to live with the family of the proprietor, and to listen at night to negro stories—the same stories which Southern children everywhere had been hearing for generations. Surely not a prospect yet of developing a man whose genius would attract the attention of the English-speaking world!

J. A. Turner was a most unusual man. His library was unique among those of the other Southern planters of his countryside. As it was among those books that Joel Chandler Harris used to browse, as it was there he inhaled that fine literary taste which was to add so much richness to his Art in later years, it is of interest to inquire just what this library consisted of. In response to questions on this subject, J. A. Turner's son, Mr. W. L. Turner, of Eatonton, very kindly gives this information:

"My father's library has been divided among his heirs, and is greatly scattered, but from recollection and the volumes that I own, I can give an incomplete list of the authors he owned: Shakespeare, Moore, Byron,

Cooper, Burns, Swift, Shelley, Goldsmith, Hood, Wordsworth, Milton, Tasso, Scott, Bulwer, Holmes, Dickens, Hugo, Ballin, Macaulay, Hume, Arabian Nights, Gil Blas, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Mrs. Hemans, Junius Letters, Willis, Clarke, Bryant, as well as several works on Ornithology, and a number of encyclopedias. His library contained about 1000 volumes."

The owner of those books was also the possessor of a spirit of most unusual qualities. The few files of *The Countryman* which are still extant disclose them on every page. Possibly the reader of this may get a little of their flavor from this valedictory published in the final number of the paper, issued in the autumn of 1866:

"ADIEU"

"When *The Countryman* was established, I was a Southern planter, the highest type of man, as I conceive it, that the world has ever produced. God, through the severe chastisement of war, has made me no longer a Southern planter. This type of man has forever passed away. I have a home and a country no longer. Living in the spot where I always did, I am nevertheless an exile and a wanderer. The independent country life and the home of the planter are gone forever, and *The Countryman* goes with them—farewell."

It was among such surroundings that the genius of Joel Chandler Harris was nourished. Among the trees, the flowers, the birds, the rabbits, and the squirrels, he found—himself. The raw material with which he was to build his stories in later years he found amongst the slaves all about him. The character of "Uncle Remus" itself was composite. The original was, in most re-

Front View of the Turner Plantation Homestead. Joel Chandler Harris occupied the second story left corner room while he worked on "The Countryman."

A contemporary of George Terrell, the original "Uncle Remus," illustrating the type of man who inspired the folk stories of Joel Chandler Harris.

A surviving daughter of George Terrell. She is now eighty years of age and lives in Eatonton, Ga.

The only negro cabin yet remaining of those which stood on the Turner plantation when Joel Chandler Harris lived there and absorbed his fund of negro folk-lore. The negroes are descendants of the Turner slaves "befo' de wah."

spects, "Ole Uncle" George Terrell, a negro owned, before the war, by Mr. J. A. Turner. The "little old log cabin" where George Terrell lived was still standing until a few years ago, but has recently been torn down. Descendants of this amiable individual yet remain, and one of his contemporaries, a type of his kind, so bent and crippled that it is hard to tell whether he is man or beast, still hobbles about the town.

In the ancient days, "Uncle" George Terrell owned an old-fashioned Dutch oven. On this he made most wonderful ginger cakes every Saturday. He would sell these cakes and persimmon beer, also of his own brew, to children of planters for miles around. He was accustomed to cook his own supper on this old oven every evening; and it was at twilight, by the light of that kitchen fire that he told his quaint stories to the Turner children and at the same time to Joel Chandler Harris. Men now, who were boys then, still relate their joy at listening to the story of the "Wonderful Tar Baby" as they sat in front of that old cabin, munching ginger cakes while "Uncle" George Terrell was cooking supper on his Dutch oven.

Another prototype of the original Uncle Remus was "Uncle" Bob Capers, a negro owned by the well-known Capers family, and hired out by them as teamster for the Eatonton cotton factory. Joel Harris, before he went to Turn-wold to set type for *The Countryman*, lived with his mother near the home of that rare old darkey, and it was from his lips that there fell many of the wonderful tales that delighted the children of the neighborhood.

Although but a mere youth, Harris very early "burst into print." He wrote many anonymous articles for *The Countryman,* but the first compositions to which he signed his name were brief paragraphs. The first poem to which his name was signed, appeared in *The Countryman* dated September 27, 1864, when Harris was a little more than fifteen years old. It was as follows:

NELLY WHITE

(Written for *The Countryman*)

BY JOEL C. HARRIS.

The autumn moon rose calm and clear,
And nearly banished night,
While I with trembling foot-steps went
To part with Nelly White.

I thought to leave her but a while,
And, in the golden west,
To seek the fortune that should make
My darling Nelly blest.

For I was of the humble poor,
Who knew that love, though bold
And strong and firm within itself,
Was stronger bound in gold.

And when I knelt at Mammon's shrine,
An angel ever spake
Approvingly—since what I did,
I did for Nelly's sake.

Again I neared the sacred spot,
Where she and I last met,
With merry laugh, does Nelly come
To meet her lover yet?

Again the moon rose in the sky,
And gave a fitful light,
Which shone with dreary gleam upon
The grave of Nelly White.

THE COUNTRYMAN. 539

[illegible]

NELLY WHITE.

(Written for The Countryman.)

[illegible]

The autumn moon rose calm and clear,
And nearly banished night,
While I, with trembling footsteps, went
To part with Nelly White!

I thought to leave her but awhile,
And, in the golden west,
To seek the fortune that should make
My darling Nelly blest.

For I was of the humble poor,
[illegible] though bold,
And strong and firm, within itself,
Was stronger—bound in gold!

[illegible]

THE PRISONERS.—As a number of statements have recently been made, in reference to the number of rebel prisoners, now in custody, the following corrected account of them has been obtained: Officers, four thousand; enlisted men, fifty thousand, in round numbers. This does not include those captured in recent operations, and not yet reported to the commissary general.—N. Y. Sun.

COPPERHEAD OUTBREAK IN ILLINOIS.—"A despatch to the Chicago Tribune, says the copperheads, aided by a gang of guerillas from Missouri, have raised the standard of rebellion, in the vicinity of Pana, Woodford county, Ill. Two hundred are in arms and hold the village of Irving, the second station west of Pana, on the Terre Haute, and Alton railroad. It is yet unknown whether their ultimate aim be, to inaugurate civil war, or the robbery of union men."

[illegible]

Augusta Market.—Sept. 19.

[illegible]

Turnwold Hat Market.

[illegible]

Fac-simile of page of "The Countryman" for September 27, 1864, containing the first verse to which Joel Chandler Harris signed his name.

Turn-wold was in the direct path of Sherman's "March to the Sea," and it was that famous event which proved to be a turning point in the life of Joel Chandler Harris. General Slocum's staff enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Turner's plantation for several days, and when they marched on, there wasn't much left. Young Harris now felt that the time had come for him to "move on" in the world. Accordingly, in 1865, he moved to Macon, Ga., where he worked for a short time. Later he found employment at New Orleans, La., but not long afterward, he returned to Georgia, and lived for a time at Forsyth.

The year 1868 found Joel Chandler Harris on the editorial staff of the Savannah, Ga., *News*. His employer was W. T. Thompson, author of "Major Jones' Courtship," and other humorous books. During the years 1869 and 1870, Mr. Harris had Frank L. Stanton as an office boy. While in Savannah, Harris married Miss Essie LaRose, of Canadian birth, with whom he lived until he died. Together they established a home, and as long as he lived that particular place—where she was—was the most attractive on earth to Joel Chandler Harris.

Nine children blessed the union, of whom six are still living—Julian, now succeeding his father as Editor of the *Uncle Remus' Magazine,* Lucien, Evelyn, Joel, Jr., Essie LaRose, now Mrs. Fritz Wagner, and Mildred. The methods of Mr. Harris in training his children were thoroughly characteristic. Upon one occasion, one of the boys of the family seemed to be living a little high. Mr. Harris heard about it. So one even-

ing at supper, when that particular young man was present, the father remarked:

"Well, I certainly had a mighty good dinner at the Aragon Hotel today."

Everybody was surprised. The Aragon, which had just been built, was the most luxurious hotel in the town. All ears listened to hear what was coming.

"Yes sir, I went into the cafe," he said, "and I sat down and hollered for the nigger to bring me one of their laundry lists. I started in and ordered consomme, caviar, lobster a la Newburg, hors d'oeuvres, spaghetti, chow-chow, six entrees, and topped it off by ordering a quart of extra dry. When I finished my dinner I paid the bill, and gave the waiter a $10.00 tip. He handed me my hat, looked at me with an admiring grin and said, 'Uh-uh! You sho mus' be dat young Mister Harris' paw!' "

And that was all he said, but it was his way of suggesting to the young Harris that he had better settle down to the things he was born unto—corn bread, collards and pot-liquor. And there is very good authority for the statement that the aforesaid young Harris mended his ways.

Another story will illustrate his quaint ways of going at things. One of his sons, when about eighteen years old, was the Atlanta correspondent for the Columbus, Ga., *Enquirer-Sun*. Handling as he did the political news for that paper, being located at the capital of the state, and being at an age of imperturbable adolescence, the fashion in which he murdered English was calculated to make the average philologist sit

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris and two of their grandchildren, 1907.

up and ponder. If Bill Jones stopped for a moment to speak to Jack Smith on a street corner, "an important political conference had occurred in our midst and matters of state were receiving the full benefit of the experience and interest of two of our leading statesmen." In short, the articles for the *Enquirer-Sun* were as flowery with verbiage as a field with daisies, and the youthful correspondent ran every polysyllable to earth on the slightest provocation.

This flow of language was also a delight to the young business manager of the *Enquirer-Sun,* and many kind letters did the Harris boy receive from him. These served but to inspire young Harris to further raids against good form, and always at the top of the column in big letters appeared "By Julian Harris." Young Harris himself tells the remainder of the story, in this wise:

"Warm Springs, Ga., is situated near Columbus, and about the time these wordy outpourings were encumbering the columns of the *Enquirer-Sun,* my father went to Warm Springs. Unlucky chance put this business manager of the *Enquirer-Sun* at Warm Springs a day ahead of my father, and the aforesaid young man was standing at the counter when my father registered, 'Joel Chandler Harris, Atlanta.'

"My father turned to go to his room, and the young man glanced at the register and saw the name. With a beaming and benevolent smile the young man approached my father and extended his hand, adding this query: 'Are you the son of our Mr. Julian Harris?' Calmly and quizzically my father gazed at the young

man who knew of my connection with the *Enquirer-Sun* through that flow of language (which my father had unceasingly yet unsuccessfully tried to divert into respectable channels) and quietly replied, 'No, Mister Julian Harris is my grandfather.' "

Joel Chandler Harris was making great strides on the Savannah *News* when in 1876 a yellow fever scourge swept over the town. Harris and his family fled to Atlanta. There Evan P. Howell gave the ambitious young journalist a job on the *Constitution*, and it was there he was to remain for more than twenty-five years of continuous service.

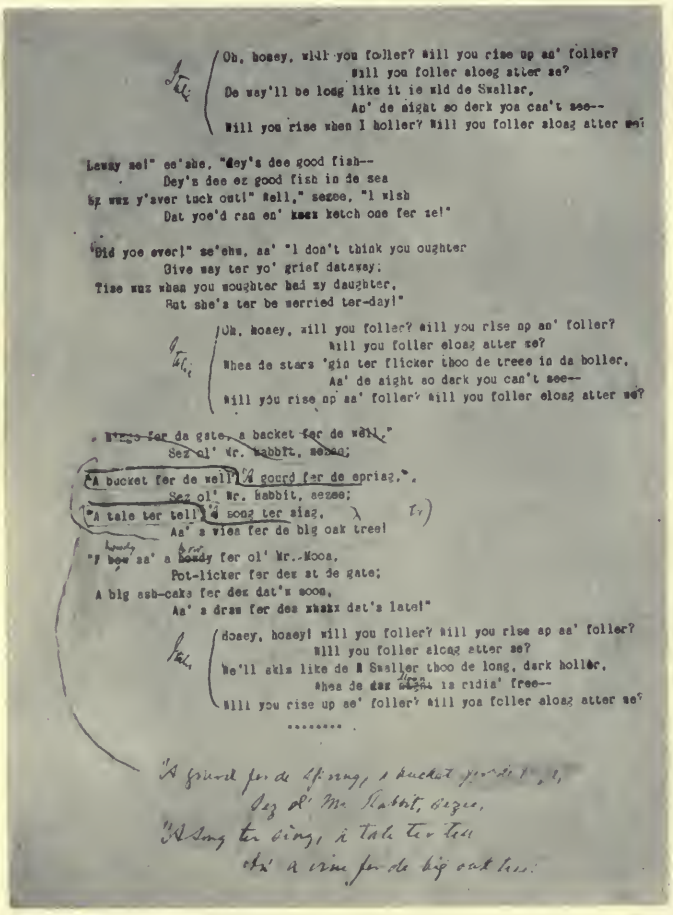
Up to this time Harris had never written in negro dialect. Sam. W. Small, however, was at that time making a great hit with his "Old Si" stories. One day Small was taken ill, and the "Old Si" stories were omitted perforce. Soon letters began to come in inquiring why "Old Si" was left out of the paper. Capt. Howell, in a most common-place way, said to Harris:

"Joe, why don't you try your hand at writing this sort of thing?"

Harris remonstrated, but Howell insisted. The next day there appeared in the columns of the *Constitution* the first of the Uncle Remus stories. A genius had begun to bloom. Mr. Turner had prepared the soil, "Ole Uncle" George Terrell had sown the seed, Capt. Howell brought forth the blossom. The stories made a great hit at once, and the clamor for them seemed insatiable as long as Mr. Harris lived. They were the same stories other Southern boys had been hearing from their infancy, but somehow, with the new telling they re-

"UNCLE REMUS"

Frontispiece of the first edition of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings." Reproduced by permission of D. Appleton & Co.



Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?
Will you foller along atter me?
De way'll be long like it is wid de Swaller,
An' de night so derk you can't see--
Will you rise when I holler? Will you foller along atter me?

Lawdy me!" se'she, "dey's dee good fish--
Dey's dee er good fish in de sea
Ef wuz y'aver tuck out!" "Well," sezee, "I wish
Dat yoe'd ran en' ketch one fer me!"

"Did yoe ever!" se'she, an' "I don't think you oughter
Give way ter yo' grief dataway;
Tise wuz when you oughter had my daughter,
But she's ter be married ter-day!"

Oh, honey, will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?
Will you foller along atter me?
Whea de stars 'gin ter flicker thoo de treee in da holler,
An' de night so dark you can't see--
Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?

"A bucket fer de well, a gourd fer de spring,"
Sez ol' Mr. Rabbit, sezee;
"A tale ter tell, a song ter sing,
An' a vine fer de big oak tree!

"I bow an' a hoedy fer ol' Mr. Moon,
Pot-licker fer dee at de gate;
A big ash-cake fer dee dat'n soon,
An' a dram fer dee when dat's late!"

honey, honey! will you foller? Will you rise up an' foller?
Will you foller along atter me?
We'll skim like de B Swaller thoo de long, dark holler,
Whea de day [illegible] is ridin' free--
Will you rise up an' foller? Will you foller along atter me?

"A ground for de spring, a bucket for de well,"
Sez ol' Mr. Rabbit, sezee,
"A song to sing, a tale to tell
An' a vine for de big oak tree."

Fac-simile of a page of Joel Chandler Harris' original manuscript, with his own alterations.

ceived, they became something very new. It was Art in action.

Harris continued to write in great quantity. Between 1880 and 1907, he produced the following books, named here in their order of publication:

"Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings"; "Nights with Uncle Remus"; "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White"; "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches"; "Uncle Remus and His Friends"; "On the Plantation"; "Little Mr. Thimblefinger"; "Mr. Rabbit at Home"; "Sister Jane"; Daddy Jake, the Runaway"; "Baalam and His Master"; "The Story of Aaron, so named the son of Ben Ali"; "Stories of Georgia"; "Aaron in the Wild-wood"; "Tales of the Homefolks"; "Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times"; "Evening Tales"; "Stories of Homefolks"; "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann"; "On the Wings of Occasion"; "The Making of a Statesman"; "Gabriel Toliver"; "Wally Wanderoon"; "A Little Union Scout"; "The Tar Baby Story and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus"; "Told by Uncle Remus"; "Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit".

In addition to his signed articles and stories, Mr. Harris wrote countless unsigned editorials and articles for the *Constitution* during the next twenty-five years. His ability to turn out good readable copy was astonishing. With it all, he was ever good-natured and easy-going. The *Constitution* had an assistant foreman named Charles Pritchard. One day, Harris turned in his editorials to Mr. Pritchard and went home. It was in the days before the telephone covered all the territory.

Mr. Pritchard put the editorials in his overcoat pocket and also left the office.

The next day the *Constitution* had just one editorial, written by the office boy, probably, and Mr. Pritchard, on noticing the paper, became greatly frightened and hurried about nine in the morning to the office to explain to Mr. Harris.

Harris laughed and said to Pritchard, at the same time reaching for his hat. "Well, Mr. Pritchard, you have certainly done me mighty proud. You have just saved me a day's work, and I am gwine back to West End and cook me a mess of collards," and he left the printer standing surprised and stammering.

It is surprising how much fun Mr. Harris could get out of collards, pot-liquor, corn pone, and other homely dishes. To one of the early numbers of the *Uncle Remus' Magazine*, he contributed an extended editorial, entitled "Corn Bread and Dumplings," the opening sentence of which was: "The tenant of the Snap-Bean Farm has been wondering, not only recently, but for many long years, why some Poet, whose pipes are of sufficient range and volume, and whose art is entirely simple and true, does not set himself the delightful task of writing an epic on Corn meal."

It was on this "Snap-Bean Farm," a plot of ground in West End, about two miles from the center of Atlanta, that Harris lived and loved to live. He enjoyed the simplicity of it. Here he wrote his stories, using generally a lead pencil and the arm of a rocking chair on his wide front veranda. Here strangers visiting Atlanta came to see what manner of place it was.

The Harris family on the steps of the home at Snap Bean Farm.

"We have no literary foolishness here," Mr. Harris remarked one day concerning Snap-Bean Farm. "We like people more than we do books, and we find more in them."

It was at Snap-Bean Farm that Andrew Carnegie visited the author of Uncle Remus. Here too, the children have grown up. Here Mr. Harris built houses for them when they married, and here his grand children began to breathe an atmosphere of purity and wholesomeness. Here he died, and here now they talk of establishing a memorial to his memory—that men of future generations may come and see the same trees, flowers, and haunts of birds which he enjoyed so deeply.

As the years went by, Mr. Harris did more and more of his work at Snap-Bean Farm. He would come in town for the morning editorial conference at the *Constitution* office, and then go home to do his work. He saw little of people in general and did but little traveling. A few years ago, however, he did go to Washington to see the President. He described the visit in *Uncle Remus' Magazine* under the heading "Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale: He Visits the White House." Among his other comments on what he saw and heard was this which so thoroughly shows what appealed to Harris himself:

"Thar's one thing about the White House that'll astonish you ef you ever git thar while Teddy is on hand. It's a home; it'll come over you like a sweet dream the minnit you git in the door, an' you'll wonder how they sweep out all the politics an' keep the place clean an' wholesome. No sooner had I shuck the President's hand

than the dinner bell rung—we call it the supper bell at my house an' then a lovely lady came to'rds me, wi' the sweetest-lookin' young gal that you ever laid eyes on; an' right then an' thar I know'd whar the home-feelin' came from, the feelin' that makes you think that you've been thar before, an' seen it all jest as it is, an' liked it all mighty well, so much so that you fergit how old you are, an' whar you live at."

Though Mr. Harris himself seldom went away from home, his family occasionally took a long summer outing, leaving "Uncle Remus" to hold the fort. Mr. Forrest Adair, of Atlanta, relates an interesting story of what took place on one of those occasions:

"Mr. Harris was alone in his house working on an editorial, when a ring at the door disturbed him. He answered the bell, and a rather genteel-looking, middle-aged man saluted him, offering toilet soap for sale at 'ten cents a cake, or three cakes for a quarter.' Annoyed by the interruption, Harris said rather brusquely that he did not need any soap.

" 'But I am on the verge of starvation,' said the man.

" 'The idea!' laughed Mr. Harris. 'Why, man, you are wearing a better coat than I have!'

" 'You would not talk so,' he replied in a tremulous voice, 'if you had seen how hard my poor wife rubbed and brushed my coat this morning so that I would present a respectable appearance.'

"Harris then saw that the coat was old, almost threadbare, but exceedingly clean and neat. He glanced again at the man's face.

" 'Excuse me,' he said; 'I was very busy when you

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Side view of the home Mr. Harris loved so well.

came, and spoke thoughtlessly. Now that I think of it, I do need some soap. Fact is, I am completely out.'

" 'Thank you,' interrupted the man; 'here are three cakes for a quarter.'

" 'Nonsense!' said Harris. 'Here is a five-dollar bill. I will take it all in soap. Got to have it—couldn't do without it—always buy it in five-dollar lots.'

"The peddler left all of his stock, and delivered another lot later. It was a very profitable day's work for him. It was just like 'Uncle Remus.' He was always doing such things."

In line with the popular practice of the day, the author of the Uncle Remus stories had many offers of large sums of money if he would appear before audiences and read selections from his own writings. These he steadily declined. His timidity couldn't stand it. He was once asked why he did not go on the lecture platform and read his stories as did Mr. Riley and Mr. Page. He replied that he could not do it if he were offered one hundred thousand dollars an evening—that in the presence of an audience his tongue refused to act. He was invited, upon one occasion, in company with Henry W. Grady, to a public gathering in Eatonton, his boyhood home. Mr. Grady made an address, and after he concluded the people called for Harris. It seemed that for once he would be forced to say a few words. He knew that it was impossible, but he could not afford to sit still like a statue while his old neighbors were calling upon him to utter a few words, so he arose and remarked—"I have never been able to make a speech without taking a drink of water, so you must

wait until I can get a little water." And with that statement, he left the platform, but did not return. The whole company knew that he would not return when he left. They laughed and cheered him as he walked down the aisle, knowing that he had faced and escaped from a difficult situation in a characteristic way.

The last year and a half of Joel Chandler Harris' life was devoted to the *Uncle Remus Magazine,* which he established and edited. His aims in this publication are best stated in these words of his own:

"It is purposed to issue a magazine that will be broadly and patriotically American, and genuinely representative of the best thought of the whole country. The note of provinciality is one of the chief charms of all that is really great in English literature, but those who will be in charge of this magazine will have nothing to do with the provinciality so prevalent in the North, the East, the South and the West—the provinciality that stands for ignorance and blind prejudice, that represents narrow views and an unhappy congestion of ideas.

"Neighbor-knowledge is perhaps more important in some respects than most of the knowledge imparted in the school. There is a woeful lack of it in the North and East with respect to the South, and this lack the magazine will endeavor in all seemly ways to remove. The new generation in the South has been largely educated in Northern and Eastern institutions, with the result that a high appreciation of all that is best and worthiest in those sections is spread farther and wider than ever before and is constantly growing in extent.

Fac-simile of "Uncle Remus Magazine," the last great interest of Mr. Harris' life.

On the other hand, at the North neighbor-knowledge of the South is confined almost entirely to those who have made commercial explorations of this section, and who have touched Southern life at no really significant or important point.

"It shall be the purpose of the magazine to obliterate ignorance of this kind. It will deal with the high ideals toward which the best and ripest Southern thought is directed; it will endeavor to encourage the cultivation of the rich field of poetry and romance which, in the Southern States, offers a constant invitation to those who aspire to deal in fictive literature. Itself standing for the highest and best in life and literature, the magazine will endeavor to nourish the hopes and beliefs that ripen under the influence of time, and that are constantly bearing fruit amongst the children of men."

For each number of this magazine Mr. Harris wrote an editorial. Here his quaint fancifulness found full opportunity. His ramblings among fields of dreams and imagery were always a feature of the publication. In one of the Christmas numbers he had an editorial on "Santa Claus and the Fairies." Characteristic of the man is this quotation:

"The real fairy stories are far truer than any truth that appeals to the minds of the materialists; they are true to the ideals by which right-minded men and women live, and truer than any fact discovered by those who grovel close to the ground. It is a pity that there should be any grovelling in this bright and beautiful world, but so it is, and the grovellers seem to be in the majority. The farmer has never been able to

understand the motives of those who are such sticklers for cold facts and the naked truth. But such, gentle reader, is the nature and purpose of those who have no faith and no belief in the supernatural, and who laugh to scorn the creations of the imagination of the race. Such are the materialists who go about destroying legends that embody the highest forms of truth, the very essence of beauty."

A final quotation from the magazine will give in a few lines the fundamental ideal of Mr. Harris' life. With the following words in mind one can understand his profound grasp upon truth and his mastery of the secret of happiness:

"What is success and in what does it consist? In heaping up accumulations of money and property by overreaching the public and crushing competition? In greasing the axles of progress with the blood of the poor and the ignorant? In adding to the doubts, and thereby increasing the misery of the people of the nations of the earth? Or does it consist in living a clean and wholesome life, in making the troubles of your neighbor your own, in avoiding envy and all forms of covetousness and in thanking Heaven for what you have, however small a portion that may be? There can be no form of real success that does not bring some sort of aid and comfort to humanity, that does not make people a little happier, a little more contented than they were before, that does not uplift, in some sort, the soul which the German professor could not find in his cadavers, and that does not bring joy and content from the shallow well of life."

Veranda of the home at Snap-Bean Farm, where Harris loved to work. Here many of the Uncle Remus stories were written.

"UNCLE REMUS"

UNCLE REMUS

BY GRANTLAND RICE

THERE'S a shadow on the cotton-patch; the blue has left the sky;
The mournin' meadows echo with the southwind's saddened sigh;
And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's turned to gray—
But the roses and the violets shall hide his face away.

"The Little Boy" is lonesome and his eyes are dim with tears;
Beyond the mists he only sees the shadows of the years;
The light all lies behind him with his best friend gone away—
But the softest winds of Dixie at his heart will kneel to pray.

The people of the woodlands—the fur and feathered clan—
The bear—the fox—the rabbit—will mourn him more than man;
But the rose that sways above him in his blossom-tented tomb
Shall turn its crimson lips of love to kiss away the gloom.

The shadow's on the cotton-patch; the light has left the sky;
A world shall bow in sorrow at his message of good-bye;
And the gold of all the sunshine in Dixie's turned to gray;
But the sweetest flowers of the South shall hide his face away.

THE CHARACTER

OF

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE CHARACTER OF

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

A Memorial Sermon, delivered on the day of Harris' Burial, July 5, 1908, in Trinity Church, Atlanta, Ga., by Rev. James W. Lee, D.D.

"The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire."—II. Kings vi. 17

HIS text is connected with a scene in Dothan, which took place between Elisha and the hosts of the King of Syria. The servant of Elisha was deeply concerned for the safety of his master, until his eyes were opened, and then he saw that they who were with Elisha were far more than they who were against him. I shall take the text from the events and the persons directly related to it, and use it as containing a very important, universal lesson, on the subject of seeing. The difference in men in all ages is largely a question of vision.

I.

The lower animals have only one pair of eyes, but human beings have two sets of eyes. By the first they see material, outside things; by the second, they see interior realities. God opens our outward eyes naturally, without our consent, as He opens the eyes of the bird. But in the opening of our inside eyes, by which we see interior realities, He must have our co-operation. Our outside eyes God opens for us.

Our inside eyes are self-opened, yet with God's help.

John Addington Symonds said it was easy, from a first visit, to feel and say something obvious about Venice. That the influence of that sea city, when first seen, is unique, immediate and unmistakable. But that to express the sober truth of those impressions, after the first astonishment of the Venetian vision had subsided, after the spirit of the place had been harmonized through familiarity with one's habitual mood, was difficult. I was in Venice last year just long enough to feel the rapture of a primal view. So, I brought away the picture formed by a glimpse from a gondola, gliding noiselessly through her network of canals, of the most picturesque spot of earth and brine on the planet. I find it easy, therefore, to call up in memory the scenery of that center of art and wonder. Symonds paints sunsets emblazoned in gold and crimson upon cloud and water; violet domes and bell-towers etched against the orange of a western sky; moonlight silvering breeze-rippled breadths of liquid blue; distant island shimmering in sun-lit haze; music and black glidings boats; labyrinthine darkness, made for mysteries of love and crime; statue-fretted palace fronts; brazen clangor and a moving crowd; pictures by earth's proudest painters, cased in gold on walls of council chambers where Venice sat enthroned, a queen, and where nobles swept the floors with robes of Tyrian brocade. But to the people who make Venice their home, the pathos of this marble city, crumbling to its grave in mud and sea is not felt. The best descriptions we have, therefore, of the city of St. Mark's and the Doge's palace, are

Joel Chandler Harris at 16 years of age. From a Daguerreotype.

from persons who had barely time to look at this wondrous pile of magnificence, before turning away from it.

II.

All this I feel when I undertake to speak of my dear friend, Joel Chandler Harris. The best representations of his life will come from those who have seen him and measured him from a distance, from those who have lived far enough away from him to get a complete idea of the great world of imagery, of beauty and of innocent and wholesome illusion he has created. If we had been brought up in the sun, we could not form such an idea of its vast oceans of light as do those who are bathed in its waves from some of the outlying planets millions of miles from it. The feelings of those brought up with Mr. Harris, and living all their lives in close proximity to his simple, beautiful life, may be defined as those of love and complete admiration. It has never occurred to them to engage in the critical business of forming dry and intellectual estimates of his mysterious mental powers. They have felt them and rejoiced in them, and with that they have been content. The people of Georgia feel very much toward Mr. Harris as the citizens of Venice feel toward their city—they love him too much to describe him. Outsiders may take intellectual interest in him; the interest we take in him is emotional and affectional. We have regarded him as the property of our hearts and not of our heads. He has moved in and out among us, the genial, palpitating form of a time that is gone. He

has made to live over again, in a new age, the days of our fathers and mothers. He has shown us the kindly faces and the warm hearts of the old-time negro mammas who nursed us. He has caught in the chambers of his imagery and transmuted into eternal form, life as it was lived on the southern plantation. He has arrested and given ideal, everlasting setting to a period about to pass forever on the downward stream of time. He has thrown the color of his genius into our fields and woods. He has idealized our region and given it a permanent place in the world's literature. He has taken the raw material of myth and legend and folk-lore lying about in a disorganized way in the minds of our population, pulverized it, sublimated it, and converted it into current coin for circulation throughout the world of letters.

III.

As the poet Burns, by lifting his Bonnie Doon from the realm of matter to that of thought, caused it to flow through all lands, so Mr. Harris took the common rabbit of the Georgia briar patch and gave it ideal form, so that now it triumphs over its enemies everywhere in the universal mind of childhood.

Mr. Harris, by endowing his animals with a sort of human wisdom, has turned them loose on the planet to advertise his name forever. He caught them and branded them and made them his own. Wherever you find a rabbit, whether in Africa or Asia or Europe or on the scattered islands of the sea, that little breathing pinch of dust belongs to Mr. Harris. His pose beside

Joel Chandler Harris at 21 years of age.

the briar patch, his harmless paws, his large farseeing eyes are all the personal property of "Uncle Remus." No one can ever take them from him. Among all the coming sons of men no one will ever rise up to make them talk and act as he did. He entered their little lives; he jumped through the broomsage with them; he took up his abode in their haunts; his feelings pulsated in their diminutive hearts; his genius uttered itself through their habits. He did for his animals what Stradivarius did for his violin, he put his soul into them.

IV.

No country becomes really and perennially attractive until through the genius of its chosen sons it is transferred from the region of time and space into that of spirit. Thousands of people go to Italy every year, not to see its mountains of earth and rock, not to see its patches of vineyard clinging to its hills, but to see these as they have been lifted up and made to glow through the thought of Michael Angelo, Dante and Raphael. People care little for houses and lands and railroads and great cities, until they become significant and beautiful through association with great thought. We love Mr. Harris, therefore, not simply because he was genuinely true, and kindly and good, but because, in addition to all these traits of personal worth, he was a creator, and helped to give our state a place in the eternal realm of mind. By his work he enhanced not only our belongings, but ourselves. He enriched us all by a process of artistic work by which he, at the same time, enriched himself. The wealth he created was of

the high sort that breaks through the limitations and confines of fee simple, exclusive titles. It cannot be cabined, or cornered, or confined. It is of the sort that, when once produced, increases in proportion to the number of persons who share in it. It is of the kind that belongs to the universal spirit of man.

V.

Mr. Harris illustrates for us what one may find in the depths of his being, when he seriously sets about exploring the interior domain of his own soul for hidden treasures. All the wealth of beauty he has turned into the modern mind is simply what he discovered packed away in the recesses of his own personality. By earnestly and industriously and persistently searching in the mines of his consciousness, he came upon layers of vast value, more precious than gold. No prospector in the mountains of California, or Colorado, ever gloated in completer glee over rich finds discovered than did this unworldly son of Georgia chuckle in hilarious delight over images, ideas, figures, he saw lying in heaps in the unseen world of his spirit. Those who were intimate with Mr. Harris will call to mind his habit of shaking with merriment always just before giving expression to some quaint or exquisite sentiment, as if he saw the striking quality of the thought he was about to utter before it completely took form in speech. By living constantly with the fancies and beautiful scenery he had accustomed himself to find in his own mind, he kept himself at a perpetual level of good humor. He always impressed me as one who was being constantly sustained

Joel Chandler Harris at 24 years of age, the time of his marriage.

Reading from right to left: Roberts, Joel Chandler Harris, J. H. Estill, Henry W. Grady. Taken at Look-out Mountain, Tenn., about 1880.

Age 34.

by unseen resources of happiness. He radiated as naturally as a candle shines. He never had to leave home to find pleasure. He was rarely ever at banquets given by his fellow citizens, all of whom he loved. He had such a happy lot of sports and innocent revelers banqueting day by day in the halls of his imagination that he was hardly ever able to see his way clear to leave these inside guests for those he might find outside. By command of the President of the United States he was forced, on one occasion, to go out and sit down with the great, as the world measures greatness, and Mr. Roosevelt had the insight that enabled him to know that he was causing acute discomfort to a man of whom he was very fond.

VI.

The world can well forgive Herbert Spencer for denying himself the social life of London, that he might give himself up entirely to working out his synthetic philosophy. So we can well forgive Mr. Harris for not seeing his way clear to dine with us often, inasmuch as he was giving his whole attention to preparing feasts which the whole world can share with him forever. He transmuted his soul into his writings. He converted himself into literature. He realized his ideals by idealizing his reals. He had illimitable optimism, because he ranged in a region where vast hopes are fed. He laughed with a wholesomeness and depth that indicated his proximity to the boundless resources of infinite good cheer. He revelled and luxuriated like an innocent, happy child out for a holiday from eternity. He was

contagious like sweet music. People caught him as invalids catch health in the mountains. All felt him as travelers in Holland feel the presence of acres of carnations, blooming on the roadside. His ministry was not dogmatic, bristling like the quills of a porcupine, with "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots;" it was quiet and persuasive and all-conquering like the sunlight. He conquered by warmth and color, by radiating and illuminating. He made no enemies, because he obliterated the battlements of those who would fight by the resistless impact of successive installments of good will. He was no coward; he was not without deep convictions, but he bombarded that which was low with that which was high. He put those who opposed him out of business by thinking at higher levels than they were mentally able to breathe on, as Watt put the stage coach industry out of business by converting his ideas into better methods of transportation.

VII.

His aims were simple and his consecration to his ideals was complete. He was so sweet and unpretentious however, that to a stranger he seemed to have no aims at all. He never referred to himself, he never asserted himself, he never advertised himself. No man ever wore the honors that unbidden came to him with less seeming self-gratulation. If he had received notice that he had been elected president of the whole world of letters, I believe he would have responded that he preferred to stay in West End and look after his garden. What he had done in giving the world his ideals, he felt

Age 41

Andrew Carnegie and Joel Chandler Harris, on front lawn of Snap Bean Farm, 1906.

anybody could do, if he would only practice the industry he had. He told me one day that every young person had a head full of dreams and fancies, and that the only difference in persons was found in the fact that some people, by hard effort, corralled their fancies and dreams, as ranchmen do their cattle, and others did not. He said any person could write an interesting book if he would only make up his mind to be himself and get at it and stick to it until the task was finished.

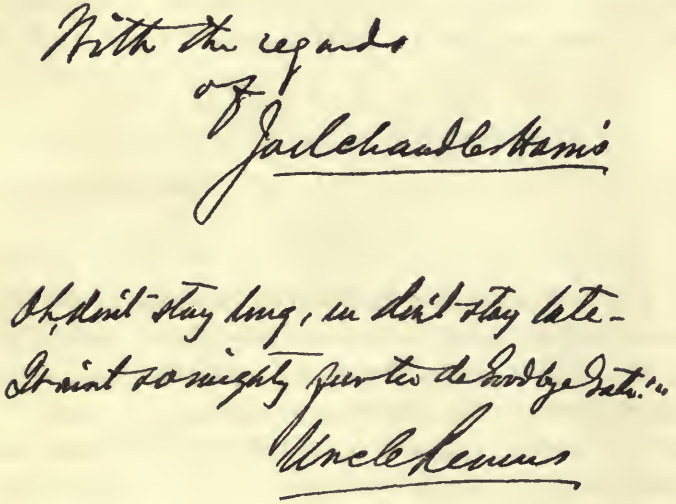
VIII.

Mr. Harris has taught us the pure luxury of just living in the completest simplicity one's own life. He never sought honors, or money, or official distinction. The idea of maintaining a position for the mere show of it, the idea of keeping up a social impressiveness equal to that of his neighbors was utterly foreign to him. Life itself, without any of the accompaniments and surroundings which usually go with it, was to him the center of his whole philosophy of contentment. Things that came to him as part of the pecuniary reward of his labors he accepted with thankfulness and used rationally, but not to them did he turn as reasons for solid happiness. They were the mere scaffolding of his real life. Hence, he liked simple things, old things, plain things. He would have preferred a street car to an automobile. His luxuries were sunsets, and trees, skies, clouds, common every-day human beings and little children. He liked learning as long as it was not pretentious. He liked scholarly people if they had perspective enough not to be proud. A son of Adam to him, whether on a throne or

in a cottage, was a son of Adam, and all the distinctions of rank by which men divide themselves up were to him artificial and mechanical. He enjoyed sitting down with Mr. Carnegie under a tree in his yard, because the great philanthropist was a simple Scotchman who had worked himself up from a mill boy to a king of industry.

IX.

He was uneasy and ill at ease whenever people proposed to meet him on any other than simple, human terms. If they came announced as great people, to see him, an author of world-wide fame, he hardly knew how to face the situation. If a plain Mr. Jones came to call, though, in fact, he might be the president of a railroad, or an owner of a 10-acre farm, he was grace itself. He was perfectly at home with folks as long as there was no rattle of titles. He greatly enjoyed meeting the president because Mr. Roosevelt, being before and above all things else a genuine man, met Mr. Harris on the plain terms of hearty, robust manhood. It was surprising to him why people wanted his autograph, and he was a little slow about responding to such demands. Jahu Dewitt Miller, knowing this, was accustomed to send any of Mr. Harris' books in which he wanted the author's autograph to me, that I might call in person and secure it. On one occasion a couple of first editions of "Uncle Remus' " came to me with a letter saying: "Please go out and see Mr. Harris and have him write some aphorism and his name in these books, and send them back to me." I called and said, "Mr. Harris, a friend of yours and mine wants you to write an aphorism



Fac-simile of inscription by Joel Chandler Harris, written at request of Jahu DeWitt Miller.

and your name in each of these 'Uncle Remus' ' books." He looked solemn and said, "I have no aphorisms." I walked up to him and said, "Now, please, my friend, don't be contrary and heady; take these books and write in them at once, or I'll camp out here in front of your door until you do." He took the books, sat down by a table and in each of them wrote, "With the regards of Joel Chandler Harris," and then underneath wrote this:

"Oh, don't stay long, en don't stay late—
It ain't so mighty fur ter de Goodbye Gate."

"Uncle Remus."

X.

It was seemingly a mystery to him why every person was not able to find in his own life all the distinction he wanted. He regarded breathing and drinking water and walking under the heavens as distinction enough for any one mortal. He did not understand how one person could get any significance from what any other person could give him. The most stupendous significance imaginable was, to him, just living. With life one had everything, after that, all was incidental. He owned a few acres of ground in the suburbs of Atlanta. This was outside of him, and well enough to grow "collards" on, but he owned a plantation inside the wide reaches of his soul extensive enough to furnish a playground for all the animals in creation.

Mr. Harris has taught us how to make a beautiful world for each one of ourselves by idealizing the realities around us. He was never satisfied with any place or

Joel Chandler Harris and Evan P. Howell. Snap-shot taken on plantation of H. M. Comer, Jefferson County, Georgia, in spring of 1905, just before Captain Howell died.

situation until he painted it, and made it glow with the colors of his own spirit. He started as an apprentice in a plantation printing office in Putnam county. Quite an obscure and out-of-the-way position, you say, for putting much color on. But when he left that printing office he had made it so beautiful that it has been shining out there in the country for nearly fifty years. His home in West End he has idealized until it has become the most beautiful home in Atlanta, and people from all over the country make pilgrimages to see it. The average man thinks a beautiful house is something external, but there is no genuine beauty in any house or in any place that is not put into it from the depths of somebody's soul. The cottage in which the poet Burns was born, multiplied by the spirit of Burns, is far more beautiful, and attracts thousands more of sight-seers than the Taj-ma-hal in Agra, India. Mr. Harris has practiced all his life the inner, spiritual method of making things about him beautiful, and that he has succeeded far beyond the rest of his fellow-citizens is the testimony of the world.

XI.

He was transformed from within by the renewing of his mind and proved by the test of personal experience how good and acceptable and perfect the interior method of transformation is. He was not conformed to the fashion of his age, in the sense that the outside world forced him to terms with its passing and perishing affairs. Instead of permitting the world to digest and assimilate him he followed a line of interior activity, by which he digested and assimilated the world. Instead of

moving with the current, he compelled the current to flow through the channels of his thought. Instead of passively domesticating himself at the level of things as he found them, he resolutely, by the activity of his spirit set about lifting to a higher plane the world in which his lot was cast. Instead of accepting standards ready-made, he proposed to establish new ones on his own account. Instead of dancing to the world's music, he gave out from the depths of his soul new notes for the world to dance to.

XII.

Mr. Harris was a deeply religious man. As the quiet, silent, sunlight manages to embody itself in all trees and flowers and animals in the world, so the religion of Mr. Harris found embodiment in all his writings and in all the relations of his life. He would have been the last man to claim much for himself religiously, as he would have been the last man to claim much for himself artistically, but all who associated with him personally or through his writings knew that he was both an artist and a deeply religious man. He was a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He told me not long ago that all the agnostics and materialists in creation could never shake his faith. But he would have felt about as awkward in proclaiming himself a pattern of piety as he would in proclaiming himself a pattern in literature.

His religion pervaded his whole life, as health pervades a strong man's body. It was more of an atmosphere you felt than a distinct entity you could describe. His home was filled with it. You could never enter his

door without a sense of a subtle, genial presence resting on everything about the home. Every child he had did seemingly as he pleased, but grew up to express in orderly conduct and attention to duty the sweet music of his father's house, to which he had adjusted himself almost unconsciously. He seemed to be regulated by no hard and fast rules, nor did he seem to bring those about him under the sway of hard and fast rules. His rules, whatever they were, were broken up, and diffused throughout his home, which he and his family breathed as the lungs take in the breath of the morning. As he lived so he died, peacefully, beautifully, kindly, humanly. One of his sons entered his room when his feet were almost on the brink of the river of death, and said: "How are you this morning, father?" "Well, I am about the extent of the tenth of a gnat's eye brow better." His last words were uttered after hearing read a letter from Mr. Roosevelt expressing sorrow at his illness. "Tell the President that he has been very kind." So Joel Chandler Harris passed away from the realm of shadows into that of light, with the feeling that all the people, from the President down to the poorest man he had ever met, had been very kind to him.

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Joel Chandler Harris at 57, at work in his home in Atlanta, Ga. Taken in 1906.

IN MEMORY

OF

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

BY FRANK L. STANTON

UMMER is in the world, sweet-singing,
And blossoms breathe in every clod;
The lowly vales with music ringing,
High-answered from the hills of God.

Yet hills, to dream-deep vales replying,
Sing not as if one flower could die;
He would not have the Summer sighing
Who never gave the world a sigh!

Who heard the world's heart beat, and listened
Where God spake in a drop of dew;
And if his eyes with teardrops glistened
The world he loved so never knew.

Its grief was his—each shadow falling,
That on a blossom left its blight;
But when he heard the Darkness calling
He knew that Darkness dreamed of Light.

And that God's love each life inspires—
Love in the humblest breast impearled;
He made the lowly cabin-fires
Light the far windows of the world!

He dreamed the dreams of Childhood, giving
Joy to it to the wide world's end;
For in the Man the Child was living,
And little children called him Friend.

Not his to stand where lightnings gleaming
  Illume the laurel wreath of Fame;
Sweeter to hear the roses dreaming,
  And in the violets read Love's name.

Love in the winds the corn blades blowing;
  Love where the brown bee builds the comb;
Love in the reaping and the sowing,
  Love in the holy lights of Home.

A life faith-true—each hour unfolding
  A kinship with a life to be;
A world in wonder, when beholding
  The greatness of Simplicity!

Wherever song is loved, and story
  Cheers the world's firesides, there he dwells—
A guest, regardless of earth's glory,
  To whom Time waves no sad farewells.

From Life to Life he passed; God's pages
  Shine with his name, immortal bright;
One with the starred and echoing ages,
  A brother to Eternal Light.

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